

# THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

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### JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY GEORGE GREGORY GREGG.

"Law is law," said miner Mitchell, as he laid his pipe away.  
At the tail-end of a toilsome and a very tedious day:  
"But no man pays it more respect, where law can be upheld.  
Than the rough-and-ready fellows in these mining camps correlated.  
We're not at home in etiquette, we do not talk by rule.  
Like folks that live in town and breathe the atmosphere of school;  
But we know what's what 'twixt man and man, and where a wrong is done.  
We'll right it just as sartain as the risin' of the sun.  
We haint no law-books outen which to larn the proper mode.  
And we're not experts in solvin' all the problems of the code.  
Indeed, there's some of us, you know, that never learned to read.  
Who think that minin'-men and sich of larnin' has no need;  
Of course it means book-larnin', which it isn't worth a durn.  
No more'n a paper-collar round the handle of a churn."  
Just an hour later, in a neighboring saloon,  
Where many men of many mines were practising vantoon,  
And auction pitch and euchre, and that fascinating game—  
Whether known as draw or poker, its attraction's all the same—  
A question and two players rose, a word by each was said,  
And a bullet closed the argument, for one of them went dead.  
Sam Coppertoe, the corner, was playing draw hand by a royal flush was in his hand and glory in his eye.  
"Wait, gentlemen; don't mosey till I've played this hand!" he cried;  
"We'll hold an inquest right in here to find how Allen died."  
He raised the pot an ounce or two, and raked it in, and then,  
Without delay, impelled a jury of twelve men, who listened to the evidence, and then this verdict brought:  
"We find that, while the prisoner no cause of quarrel sought,  
He had a right to pull his gun and shoot this Allen dead.  
For why because of some sich words the 'foresaid' Allen said,  
We find that Allen met his death at hands of Pinckney Trude.  
By calling him, the prisoner, a most exquisite dude."  
The verdict of the jury was considered free of flaw,  
And was followed in accordance with the dictates of the law.  
The foreman of the jury was Bill Stagg, the mining man,  
With whose stententious sentences this little tale began.  
And the people of the Western camp who backed up Mr. Trude  
For shooting one who'd branded him "a most exquisite dude."  
Were men whose good example should be followed,  
Whose deeds were honest, men, not double-dealing knaves.  
For men who, when they'd give their speech an extra-pungent twang,  
Their splices take from the garden shrub, and not from the sewers of slang.

\* Ping-et-un, the game of twenty-one.

### THE LAWYER'S TRUST;

OR,

### The Mystery of D'Aubert's Millions.

#### A SEQUEL TO THE WILD BOAR.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE CHARENTY,  
EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY WILLIAM HARDING ("COMMODORE ROBIN"),  
Author of "The Golden Lady," "Hidden Fortune," "The Pearl of the Sahara," "The Wild Boar," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE SECRET PASSAGE.—BEAU FRANCOIS CAPTURES THE WILD BOAR.—THE JEWEL CASKET.—LOST.—SUZANNE TO THE RESCUE.

When the Wild Boar found the Brieviere mansion guarded by the General's troops, he felt seriously alarmed and half inclined to jump on the back of the first horse he could catch and escape to the mountains. But, on second thoughts, his familiarity with danger, great personal courage and supreme contempt for the authorities made him resolve to remain and "see the fun." A very slight examination convinced him that the General's sentinels had been well posted, but the Wild Boar only shrugged his shoulders and muttered hoarsely:

"All your d—troopers, General, won't keep me out if I want to get into the mansion." He then directed his steps towards a small wood skirting the gardens, advanced about fifty yards and then suddenly stopped, for his well-trained ear had caught the sound of a breaking twig. Beneath a large tree he waited long and patiently, but finally came to the conclusion that his ears had deceived him.

"I must see Suzanne," he muttered to himself. Then, emboldened by the dead silence that reigned around, Cardene continued on his way. About a hundred paces farther on he stopped before a small clump of rocks, a number of which could be seen throughout the wood, and, exerting his immense strength, he displaced one of the stones and disclosed the entrance to a narrow passage or hole leading into the earth at the base of the rocks. Before entering the narrow passage, the Wild Boar listened attentively, but, not hearing a suspicious sound, threw himself flat upon the ground and then, head foremost, entered the hole.

But hardly had half his body disappeared from sight when he felt his legs firmly and powerfully seized by a number of men, who bound his lower limbs securely. The Wild Boar not being able to make use of his great strength on account of the manner in which he had been first caught, half his body being powerless. Finally he was drawn out, his arms were securely fastened to his sides, and he saw that he was surrounded by four men whom he could not recognize on account of the darkness,

though the voice of one of his captors soon informed him with whom he had to do.

"Ah! ha!" laughed a rough voice. "I take my revenge for the day you threw me into the cellar of the White Doe!"

It was Beau Francois. The Wild Boar, feeling himself in the power of a bitter enemy, was too brave a man to plead, even for a second, so he said not a word, and Beau Francois continued:

"With my dear friend, the Wild Boar, it is best to take every precaution. So, though he is securely bound, hand and foot, we'll fasten him to a tree as an additional precaution, then you men can go and have a smoke at some distance from here, while I have a chat with my very much esteemed friend."

When the bandit's orders had been obeyed, he heaved a deep and melancholy sigh and said:

"Dearest Cardene! Do you not think we are both advancing towards ruin when we need rest and comfort? You think so, dear friend?"

To say that the Wild Boar was astonished at this strange commencement of their interview would be putting it very mildly. But still he did not open his mouth.

"Well, dear and silent friend," continued Beau Francois softly, "I have thought of you while indulging in my dreams of a quiet and peaceful life, and said to myself: 'My friend, the Wild Boar, would certainly not like to be sawed in half between two planks, and therefore will do his best to enable me to return to a life of honest contentment.' Thus I know you will say: 'Last night I managed to rob the government of four hundred thousand francs; take that sum, my dear Francois, and try to lead a strictly virtuous life in the future.' That is what I know you will do for me, dearest of dear friends."

"Suppose I refuse?" grunted the Wild Boar, savagely.

"Then, in spite of our friendship, I shall have to saw you in half, dear friend. Tell me, will you be kind enough to enable me to reform? Will you offer me the four hundred thousand francs? Remember that it will be a good stroke of business for you, as of course I shall not share the money with my men, and there will be about thirty more francs to join your hand."

"Very cheaply, dear friend. In fact, I almost begin to fancy that you will have a little the best of the bargain. Say the word, and I will get my three men to carry you to the place where the gold is hidden."

"You must be as stupid as you are clownish," growled the Wild Boar, "if you think that I am going to blab."

"Really, dear friend?" said Beau Francois, calmly. "Well, we will see if you will be of the same opinion with a lighted fuse in your hand. Strange, I just happen to have one in my pocket," added Beau Francois, producing that instrument of torture used by the Chateauforts in order to extract secrets from their victims.

"Your d—fuse!" replied the Wild Boar defiantly.

But, instead of so doing, Beau Francois suddenly burst out into a light laugh, saying:

"Why, what a fool I have been. This hole must be the very place you hid your treasure in. With your permission I will visit your hiding-place, dear friend."

Beau Francois then called his three men, told them to watch the prisoner until he returned, and then entered the hole beneath the rocks.

It was with a smile upon his face that Wild Boar watched his enemy disappear, and a sigh of relief escaped him when, after a few minutes of anxious expectation, Francois did not return.

The latter crawled onward for a few yards, and then noticed that he was in a large cave or cellar. Was this subterranean apartment large or small? The profound darkness that reigned around did not enable him to satisfy his curiosity upon this point, so he felt for his flint and steel, and soon had a light, which, though feeble, enabled him to see that the cave in which he found himself led into a long gallery, into which he immediately ventured.

"Where the devil is the gold?" he muttered to himself when, after advancing about twenty paces, he found that the gallery he was in led into two dark passages. His light was nearly exhausted, so he had not much time left in which to decide what to do. Suddenly his foot struck against some stone steps, causing the bandit to smile with glee as he thought that he had not only discovered the hiding-place in which the Wild Boar kept his treasure, but had also stumbled upon a secret passage leading into the Brieviere mansion, and by which he would be able to introduce his men into the building and sack the place from roof to cellar. So he mounted the steps leading into the right gallery, passed onward for a considerable distance, and finally reached another flight of steps. Mounting ten of these, his head struck against a hard substance. It was a stone slab.

Francois thereupon applied his powerful shoulders to this obstacle, and with one herculean effort moved and lifted it out of place, a shower of dust and gravel falling as he did so. Passing the upper part of his body through the aperture, the bandit saw that he had penetrated into a small green-house, the floor of which was covered with a thick layer of gravel, thus effectually concealing the slab covering the entrance to the subterranean passage. Beau Francois' disappointment (he had expected to find himself in the cellars of the Brieviere mansion) was slightly modified when he remembered that the passage was divided into two separate tunnels. He concluded that he had selected the wrong one; the other, he reasoned, must open into the mansion. He was about to return the way he had come, when he saw a female form appear at the lighted window of the mansion, spring into space, and in another moment come crashing to the ground within a few yards of the green-house, which was built up against the mansion walls.



LILLIAN GRUBB, SINGER AND ACTRESS.

Though he had caught but a slight glimpse of the fallen woman, it was sufficient to convince the bandit that she was no other than Gervaise; but in this short examination he had taken his eyes from the window, and had not seen Vasseur and Meuzelin appear there in a second or so, and again, when he instinctively rushed out of the green-house and caught the young girl up in his arms, he did not notice that another female had shown herself at the window and saw him bear away his lovely burden. As he disappeared into the secret passage, Meuzelin, who was now in possession of the fact that his two enemies and their companions had not been killed by the explosion in the salt-house near the White Doe.

Once more in the passage, Beau Francois deposited his lovely burden upon the steps, replaced the stone slab in position and felt for his flint and steel. In order to strike a light; but, to his extreme annoyance, he found that it was no longer in his possession, he evidently having dropped it in his haste to secure Gervaise. But he consoled himself with the idea that he would easily find the portion of the cavern into which the forked openings gave, and with Gervaise upon his shoulders, the bandit set out on his return journey, feeling the side of the passage with his hand. When he had gone about sixty paces he stopped. Surely the opening was not so far away! He continued a little further and felt an opening to the left. It must be the cavern! He would try it in any case, for he was now thoroughly mystified and commencing to lose his head.

But he had not gone twenty paces when he came to a third gallery, and, with horror, leaned against the wall, and was forced to admit to himself that he was lost! Then the full gravity of his position dawned upon his mind, and he began to curse and rave with rage and anger. Suddenly a slight distant sound fell upon his ear, and an instant later he saw the gleam of a light coming from one end of the passage he was then in. Gradually the light drew nearer to him, and he saw that it emanated from a lantern carried by a woman, who was holding it up on a line with her face, thus throwing its rays full upon her. The false Countess de Meralac, for it was no other than that bewitching personage, was resplendently beautiful, the good looks being enhanced by her large, feverish eyes, hunted manner and slightly pale face. But it was not so much her beauty as the two gleaming diamonds, magnificent gems, which sparkled in her ears, that attracted the bandit's attention, and his cupidly immediately prompted him to place Gervaise upon the ground and anxiously wait for Suzanne to come within his reach, resolving first of all to secure the lantern, then the diamonds—and then, well, he would see.

In carrying out this plan he must have made some slight noise. Suzanne suddenly stopped, at about twenty paces from Beau Francois, though without being able to see him.

"Is that you, Cardene?" she asked.

"Hello! you know Cardene?" muttered Beau Francois. In astonishment, now also noticing that she held a small, richly-carved casket beneath her arm.

Not hearing any answer to her question, Suzanne resumed her walk, but at the first step she took, a feeble moan was heard. It was Gervaise regaining her senses.

Forgetting himself and his strategy, Beau Francois uttered a terrible oath aloud, and was about to crush the poor girl's head beneath his heel, when Suzanne suddenly extinguished the light, causing the bandit to forget Gervaise in his eagerness to seize the person who, he fancied, could lead him out of the subterranean passage. Such was his fury that he dashed wildly forward, bumped himself right and left against the sides of the passages, but failed to reach the object of his search. Then he swore whole volleys of oaths, tried to return to Gervaise, but was unable to find her. Cold perspiration broke out all over his body, coursed down his face, and made him tremble with fear, as he recalled the fact that it was very probable that he would starve to death where

towards the part of the passage in which the voice's moans proceeded, and it was with a gleam of fiendish joy that she recognized her hated rival.

"And so I have you in my power," she hissed, kneeling by the side of the prostrate girl; "you who stole Vasseur's love from me. Let him save you if he can. His words of love are your death warrant!" And, with a ferocious smile, she seized her rival's neck between her hands and was about to strangle her, when she seemed to have changed her mind, for she muttered:

"No; you will not suffer enough that way. Your death must be a slow and torturing one."

Suzanne had evidently thoroughly familiarized herself with the various windings of the subterranean passage, for she did not hesitate a moment, but taking Gervaise in her arms, half dragged and half carried her to a cell or dungeon formerly used by the lords of Meralac to punish their refractory vassals, and was upon the point of closing and bolting the iron-bound door, when Gervaise recovered her senses and murmured as she saw who her captor was:

"The Countess! The Countess! Oh, what has happened?"

But Suzanne paid no further attention to her victim, resolving to return at some future period, when Gervaise would be half dead with hunger, thirst and fright, and gloat over her agony. With a sure though careful step, she passed from passage to passage, that led into the underground mysteries. Once there, she carefully passed her head out of the hole and listened attentively. The light of the moon then played full upon her face, and a low, cautious cough fell upon her ear, followed by a gentle signal, which she evidently was familiar with, for she immediately exclaimed:

"Why, that's Cardene's signal! And he warns me of danger to one of us."

Again the signal sounded, this time with a slight variation in the note.

"He calls me to his assistance," she murmured, creeping out of the hole and glancing carefully about her, after having extinguished the lantern. Then she caught sight of the Wild Boar, who, securely bound to the tree where Beau Francois had left him, managed to sign to her that he was watched. But Suzanne was as wisely as an American Indian, for she soon managed to glide close up to him, and, with her ear on a level with his, heard him say:

"Three of them are asleep close by under a tree. Take my knife out of my pocket and cut the cords."

Suzanne quickly did as desired, while listening to the snoring of the three members of Francois' band, who were comfortably resting within a few yards of her.

"Good!" muttered the Wild Boar when he was once more at liberty. "Now give me my knife and get out of sight behind the rocks."

With little or no emotion Suzanne obeyed and shortly afterwards the Wild Boar returned, his knife in his mouth and his hands clean.

"I did not have to use it," he said, significantly. "I preferred to strangle them. It makes less noise. Now, give me all the news in as few words as you can."

Suzanne evidently knew the value of time in such emergencies, for she had quickly put her companion in possession of the main facts relating to the mansion being guarded by musketeers, the General, thanks to Meuzelin, out of the reach of her influence, that Meuzelin was passing himself off as the Count de Meralac, that the police-agent had discovered that the murdered woman was the real Countess de Meralac, and how she had escaped from Meuzelin's hands.

"The real Meuzelin!" she added, "and not the Skeleton, who was playing the role of a detective."

But of Vasseur and Gervaise, the beautiful demon said not a word, though she mentioned having met a man, whom she now supposed to be Beau Francois, in the subterranean passages, concluding with the remark:

"And so I think that the best thing we can do is to clear out of this part of the country as quick as horses will take us."

"That is not my idea," replied the Wild Boar, firmly. "I should be a coward if I gave in and

he was. Then he tore his hair with impotent rage, as he stamped about first to the right and then to the left, positively yelling with madness. At last, almost exhausted, his foot struck against a stone step, causing him to shake with joy, fancying that he had again reached the opening leading from the green-house. And so, taking off his shoes, in order to make less noise when he reached the outbuilding, he mounted the steps, but again became anxious when he noticed that the steps were much more numerous than they had previously seemed to be.

"I have made another mistake," he asked himself, in agonizing tones. Still he continued his ascent and finally arrived at a door, from the other side of which he heard the murmur of voices, one of which exclaimed:

"And now, to pass away the time, suppose you give us the history of beautiful Suzanne!" To which another voice replied:

"No! I will. Listen."

"Chance had brought Beau Francois to the secret door by which Suzanne had escaped from her room after being so roughly handled, verbally crushed, by Meuzelin, the detective."

Suzanne had escaped from Beau Francois in a very simple manner. At the time she extinguished the lantern, Suzanne had noticed that she was close to the opening of a second passage, so she had only to take two steps and the light was out and she was out of the bandit's reach. In fact, he almost touched her as he rushed past, and when she heard him disappear, cursing in the distance, Suzanne re-lighted the lantern and re-entered the gallery she was in when startled by Beau Francois. She then moved the gallery from which Gervaise would be half dead with hunger, thirst and fright, and gloat over her agony. With a sure though careful step, she passed from passage to passage, that led into the underground mysteries. Once there, she carefully passed her head out of the hole and listened attentively. The light of the moon then played full upon her face, and a low, cautious cough fell upon her ear, followed by a gentle signal, which she evidently was familiar with, for she immediately exclaimed:

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"And so I think that the best thing we can do is to clear out of this part of the country as quick as horses will take us."

"That is not my idea," replied the Wild Boar, firmly. "I should be a coward if I gave in and

ran away simply because I have met with a reverse. No! Though you have done your best and failed, I shall not give up the game—and the stake. There is too much to win, and, if we play cautiously, a strong chance to win. I have another person to pit against them—another card to play."

"And who is it, pray?"

"Crooks! We have still three or four hours of night, come."

The Countess glanced at her dainty little feet, shod in exquisite slippers, for in her sudden flight from Meuzelin she had naturally not stopped to change her clothes. The Wild Boar understood, for, catching her up in his powerful arms as if she had been a child, he strode swiftly away. When they had gone a few hundred yards towards his farm the Wild Boar felt his lovely burden start and tremble.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she murmured faintly, "only a slight pain."

But the truth was that she had suddenly perceived that she no longer had her jewel casket with her, and remembered that she had placed it beside Gervaise while feeling for the bolt of her prison door. But it was too late to even think of returning for her treasure.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE HISTORY OF SUZANNE COMMENCED—AT THE GAMBLING-TABLE—THE ACCUSATION—A BEAUTIFUL PRISON—THE UNHAPPY VISCOUNT—A MISSING LETTER—CAPTURED.

Let us now return to Vasseur, whom we left upon the point of commencing to tell the history of Suzanne to Meuzelin, the Skeleton and the two mounted policemen, Fichet and Lambert, without knowing that Beau Francois was listening outside the secret door.

"Two years ago," he began, "I obtained permission to leave the Hussars and join the mounted police, but before entering into my duties the brigade I had been assigned to being stationed around Chartres, I asked for and received two weeks' leave of absence, and I determined to pass my holiday in Paris. The same night I arrived in Paris, I went to the Frascati public ball. Don't smile, gentlemen, I know that it is a strange place for a mounted policeman to go to, except on duty, but I had made up my mind to see this famous resort, whose scandalous reputation had excited my curiosity. I mounted the large staircase which leads to the vestibule into which, on the right, opens the dressing-room where the players find their masks and dominoes. As I mounted the last step a lady came out of the dressing-room, enveloped in a domino and her face concealed by a mask whose lace beard was not long enough to conceal a lovely little mouth ornamented with pearly teeth. The white skin and springy step denoted that the lady was young. Hardly had she caught sight of me than she advanced towards me and said:

"What! Is it you?"

"It was the first time that I had set foot in Paris, so I knew that she had made some mistake, and I tried to say so; but her reply, accompanied by an enormous crowd. But, in spite of this large gathering of men and women, my companion led me forward as if determined to reach a certain spot. Chance, or something else, brought us to a position in front of a handsome young man, about twenty years old, who, leaning against pillars on each side of the opening into a second salon, seemed to be intently watching for somebody. I forgot to mention that from the person of my lovely companion arose a most subtle and exquisite perfume of Eastern flavor, quite peculiar and remarkable in its strange qualities. This subtle odor soon reached the young man, and, turning round, when he perceived that a lady stood behind him, he moved out of the way with a respectful bow, in order to allow us to pass. As he passed, my eyes fell upon the lower part of my companion's face, the only portion exposed, and I seemed to see him start with surprise mingled with hesitation, as if in doubt whether he did or did not recognize her. My companion did not seem to pay any attention to the young man, but, leaning gently upon my arm, she said in a voice that, to my extreme astonishment, was most curiously affectionate:

"Let us retrace our steps, shall we, dear friend?"

"Then we got away from the throng, but not before I again fancied that I saw the young man start and tremble violently at the sound of her voice. Naturally I felt interested in him, and as we left the salon turned my head and saw that he was standing as if riveted to the spot, as pale as death and gazing fixedly at my companion. Then I began to see the role I was playing. I had simply served as an instrument of female vengeance. As a straw lover I had been offered up to the jealousy of the real lover. When we again reached the vestibule, the mysterious lady turned to me and said:

"Why, I should be only too happy to make your acquaintance."

"Instead of replying, I again entered a protest, saying:

"But I have not the honor of your acquaintance, madame."

"In any case, I am worth knowing," was the quick reply, as she tore off her mask and added, "Look!"

"I remained speechless before her marvelously splendid beauty, and was still more certain that I had never seen her before. Thereupon she, seeing that I was again about to protest that I did not know her laughingly continued as she replaced her mask:

"At Frascati, to become acquainted, it is not necessary to be introduced to each other by our grand parents. She was right! Were we not at Frascati, the place of easy loves in which morality has nothing in common? Was I not foolish to continue playing Joseph? I was twenty-six years old, and a pretty woman offered to charm away some of my leave of absence, so I hastened to reply:

"Why, I should be only too happy to make your acquaintance."

"That's right!" she cried, with a light laugh, repeating: "Do you gamble?"

"I have never gambled," was my reply.

"Everything must have a beginning," she replied. Then I tapped my pockets, saying:

"But, with what?"

"Don't bother yourself about that," was the reply. "Begin by putting on a domino and a mask, for all who play at Frascati have to do so under that disguise. I was so enchanted by my companion's marvelous beauty that I allowed her to lead me where she wished. I no longer thought of the young man I had noticed in the salon. I was dazzled by her musical voice and startling beauty."

Then I donned my domino, she exchanged her masque for another and a longer one, this last entirely concealing her face. When we were both ready, she led me towards the gambling-tables, which opened into the vestibule from our left. Just as we passed through the door, she slipped a well-filled purse into my hand, whispering:

"Listen. I am superstitious. For me, gambling Continued on page 220.







## BASE HITS

representing the members of

to the city of Boston to play a game June 17. . . .  
meeting of the Eastern New England League  
will be held June 20. . . . Murnan has been released  
to the Jersey City. . . . Russell of the Providence  
team may play for the Boston Athletic Club. . . .  
manager Hack of the Brooklyn team has been  
given his resignation. It will have been taken effect  
the 12. . . . Catcher Sullivan has been released for  
the Louisville, and has signed with St. Louis. . . . Atle-  
tham of the St. Louis was fined \$10 by Em-  
pire Valentine June 10. . . . Nolan is not to be released  
from the Philadelphia. . . . Jack Remsen will manage  
the Hartford, Manager Gillette will resign from the  
arr, of the Nationals, is reported to have refused  
to offer to pitch for the Cincinnati. . . .  
The ex-politicians have released Beccann. . . . Crowley  
has been released by the Nationals of Washington,  
and is expected to be his successor. . . . The Spring-  
field (N. Y.) Club has been disbanded, making the fourth club  
of the Interstate League to be dissolved. . . .  
The latter State American Association will most likely  
finish the rule giving a batsman a base when hit by a  
felled ball. . . . Moore, alternating catcher with Bennett,  
will be released from the Philadelphia. . . .  
tion, formerly with the Athletics. . . . Birchall and Rink  
work Club. . . . In the college championship con-  
test, no college has won ten straight championship games  
since the first of the century. . . .  
tion. Once Yale won nine straight games, but  
was defeated by Princeton in the final game.  
traded to the Cleveland. . . . Row, Gleason and  
tion, the black listed players. . . .  
non grounds, St. Louis, Mo., Sunday, June 21. . . .  
the Cleveland and the Akron, at Akron, O., June 10,  
the Cleveland. . . .  
spectators. Only four innings were played, when the  
suggested Cleveland took the train. The score stood 9  
in favor of the visitors. . . . The Philadelphia Club is  
making a new stadium, at Fairmount Park, which, when completed, will allow the  
park to accommodate 40,000 people, at present 3,500  
only. . . . As an additional attraction  
to the Detroit Buffalo game, a cause in the  
and tickets to the opera were given to every purchaser  
of admission and grand stand ticket. . . . The Erie and  
connection with the Erie and the Erie.

[illegible]

Michael, manager of the Brooklyn-based Trenton, N.J., Juniors, was the only one to play in all 10 games. The Aces of this city defeated the Wilburds of Vancouver, by 5 to 3, in a ten inning game, June 11. The Aces also won the game against the Nationals and Cincinnati, Frank Fenelly started before the game but he would knock the ball over the fence. In the ninth inning he had to be replaced by a pinch runner, who was recovered, and another player had to be substituted. The Aces won the game 10 to 3, Newburg, N.Y., Juniors defeated Newburg, June 9, in Newburg, N.Y., 12 to 10. The Juniors also won the game against the Harvard June 10, 8 to 0. The Primroses and the Clippers, both of Canada, met in Hamilton, Ontario, June 8, 8 to 0. The Juniors also won the game against the Springfielders beat the Bridgeports, 4 to 1, June 9 in Bridgeport. . . . Bridgeport whitewashed Waterloo June 11 in a 10 to 0 game. The Juniors also won the game against Hamilton, Can. June 11, the game resulting in a victory for the Toronto, 10 to 9. . . . The Haverrill nine defeated the Toronto, 10 to 9, in a 10 to 9 game, June 12 to 10. The Toronto nine is composed as follows: T. Bourke, catcher; T. Scheffer, pitcher; J. Quinn, shortstop; W. Wade, left field; J. Quinn, left field; J. Smith, centre field. Delaney has been the star of the team. The Toronto nine has played as well as centre field and Quinn will be change pitcher. The opening game was played with the Maple Leafs in it. The Toronto nine was defeated by 3 to 2. The opening game the Toronto were defeated by 3 to 2.

Lawrence and Brocktons played a nine eleven-  
evenly scoring the winning run.  
In the game between Allentown and Kanton in Allen-  
town, June 13, Allentown won by 17 to 1.....An amateur  
pitcher, this boy made the services of a pitcher. He  
wants to be printed. Address him at the Philadelphia Club  
Winton is booked to play the Philadelphia Club this week  
The Mets manager is said to have made Ed Cushman,  
left hand pitcher, an offer.....Lots is to be  
swayed by the money price.  
Cornell decided the Syracuse University nine in Itha-  
ca N.Y., June 13, 13 to 11. The Youngstown, O., Club dis-  
cided June 11.....As the Oakland and Marions of Jer-  
sey City were seen to be in the city of New York  
Oakland Park, Jersey City, June 14, and the police were

of the park, not  
a clause in the  
law on the gro-

club may test the law next Sunday. . . . Providence and Brockton met in Brockton, June 13, and Brockton got the best of it by a score of 6 to 0. . . . The following day they met at Worcester, where they defeated Wilmington, Eastern League club, June 9, beating them at Westminster, Md., and received a hearty reception from the local club, 5 to 0. Good for the nine teens—

13—Toronto, 6; Maple Leafs, of Guelph, 5; At Hamilton, same date—London, 10; Princess of Hamilton, 7; and the Ontario team, 8.

The Waterbury's met in a fine game, resulting in a victory for the home team, 3 to 0. Morrison did some good work, hitting for three runs, and was successful in getting hit during the game. At Hildesfeld, June 12, Hildesfeld 7, Portland 5—ten innings. . . . Shaw of the Durham team, who has been hitting very well lately, was the Virginia team received an ovation June 12, after their third turn home after their successful tour. They were praised and banqueted. Out of fifteen games played so far, the boys won seven and lost eight. On June 13 they played the Orange Club of Orange, N. J., June 13, and defeated them, 5 to 2, on the former's grounds.

"The boys," as they are called, have been paid \$200 per week, who has signed to work for \$2 per day, less ten per cent, and \$50 fine every time he awakes.

On June 14, the Waterbury's met at home by the local club, has signed with the Waterbury's. . . . Finley of Waterbury is the new League umpire in place of Sutton.

On June 15, the Gloucestershire have signed with Finch and Nichols—made two or three more trips to the Clippers at Hamilton and London of London, Can., played at London June 11, resulting in a victory for the Londoners, 10 to 0. . . . The following day they met at Portland, Ore., June 7, the former team being composed of "regular army boys," who had been discharged recently.

Rose Hills defeated Lafayette College June 11, at Fordham, 8 to 7. . . . On June 8, the Williamsport team defeated the Wilkes-Barre team, 10 to 0. . . . On June 11, the Williamsports defeated the Harrisburg Club on the former's grounds, 13 to 8, on the same grounds, 13, the latter team defeating the former, 10 to 0. . . . The State League, defeating them by 4 to 3. . . . Williamsport has played eighteen games, losing only two, and one of

Association, this score on that occasion being 8 to 4. On June 22, the Williamsport boys will tackle the St. Louis Club, and, although they don't expect to win, they do expect to hold them down.... George Firth, who signed for the season to pitch for the Williamsport Club, has broken his contract and gone with the Meriden, Ct. Club.

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THE FIFTH NUMBER of Spalding's Library of Athletic

sports has just been issued, the book being "The Art of Baseball Fielding and Base running"—the third of Henry Chadwick's new books on the game. The articles include "Battery Work in Fielding," "First-base Play," "The Second baseman's Work," "Third base Play," "Short Fielding," "Outfield Work," "Backing Up," "Captaining a Nine," "Points of Play on Base runners," etc. It is a

A Nine, Four or Play on Baseball, ed. It's a book of eighty pages, and it sells for ten cents. The three books—pitching, batting and fielding—make up a volume of 200 pages, illustrated, costing but thirty cents. Keefe, the noted pitcher of the New York Club, says: "I have given your books on pitching and batting a close personal in every particular, and I can safely say that there are no

works in the market so complete in all the details. Your introduction in the book on pitching is the best ever published. The two books are not only valuable and interesting to the beginner, but they offer a great deal of food for reflection to older players.<sup>17</sup>

(Clubs, Ted Sullivan agreed to furnish a catcher for the Youngstown team. Doyle was the man "furnished," but he did some very bad work, making many "muffs" and letting in every man he could. He was sent to centre field, but there he made an error on every ball he had a chance to gather. The game was a tie, 7 to 7, at the end

of the ninth, but in the eleventh Doyle had a chance to let in three runs of five that Kansas City made.

THE New Jersey State League has been formed of the following clubs: Elizabeth, Orange, Newark, Jersey City, Paterson and Weehawken.

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## NEW YORK

**NEW YORK.**  
**New York City.**  
**REVIEW OF THE WEEK.**—A number of bene-  
fits broke the monotony of last week's theatrical

...broke the monotony of last week's theatrical record. Effie Germon came out of her virtual and involuntary retirement of the past season June 11, and at the STAR THEATRE she was warmly greeted by some of her friends. The

house should have been much larger. The beneficiary appeared as Polly Eccles in "Caste." On the following evening the same theatre was used for the benefit of E. H. Gouge, long of the Under-swing farmers and a husbandman.

old-time standing and excellent repute. Mr. Gouge sold his best seats for \$1, and drew a larger attendance than did Miss Germon. The third benefit at the Star (which was closed throughout the week, save on the nights

mentioned) was that of Gustavus Levick and Eben Plympton Saturday evening, 13. There was a fair house, and no doubt many of those present came with the expectation of seeing John McCullough appear, as had been so often and loudly proclaimed by the banjoists.

He did not go on the stage, however, and the lobby was lively with protesting auditors. Sarah Von Leer also disapproved. She was to have done an act of "Camille" with Mr. Levick. Tim W. Keene appeared among other volunteers.

The THIRD-AVENUE THEATRE was dark except on 13, when the fourth benefit of the week occurred, Sanger's "Bunch of Keys" Company playing in compliment to J. C. Mullay and William Hughes, who had been, respectively, trans-

ur and stage-carpen ter under the recent regime of Leavitt & Pastor. . . The STANDARD DAILY, LYCEUM, FOURTEENTH-STREET AND PEOPLE'S THEATRES remained closed last week.

Ada Gray's supplementary season at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE was at first expected to last

one week, but she has since arranged to continue at that house. . . "Adonis," "A Capital Prize," "The Black Hussar," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "Polly," J. K. Emmet, Frank Mayo in "Nordeck," and the Ford Opera Co.

of Normandy" the first half and "The Boer hemian Girl" the latter half of last week at the FIFTH-AVENUE to moderate business. Messrs. McCaull's houses at WALLACK'S, with "The Black Hussar" continued very large.

We saw a packed audience there 10. Frank Mayo's engagement at the UNION-SQUARE closed 13, and J. K. Emmet quit the THEATRE on the same date, after a disappointing stay of three weeks. The Kralfys, a

..... J. T. Raymond, in "In Chancery," had been, as it were, "feeling" his way at the MADDOX-SON-SQUARE during the first week of the Summer

mer season there. A long run of "In Chan-  
cery," however, is out of the question .... The  
Mt. Morris' Summer season was inaugurated  
8.13 with a week of "A Celebrated Case," at low  
prices .... That bright and hard-working little

opera company of P. Harris, under the management of G. O. Starr and G. C. Jenks, closed a fortnight at the NEW PARK THEATRE AND MUSKUM 13 . . . . Most of the variety-theatre held good houses throughout the week.

MANAGER H. J. MYERS of the Mexican Typo-orchestra ran into town last week. His company will arrive here Friday morning, June 20, and on that afternoon, at the Star Theatre a private performance will be given to the

press. Their series of ten performances at the Star will open Sunday evening, 21. The orchestra comprises twenty or twenty-five performers, nearly all of whom are soloists. Sene Juan Curti, the harp-soloist, will be remembered from his former association with the

**CLOSED.**—The Standard, Fourteenth-street

People's, Lyceum, Duly's, Union-square, St. and Third-avenue Theatres are dark this week.

NIBLO'S GARDEN. "Around the World" continues. The Kiralfys added some new effects this week, and no effort will be spared to make the spectacle run some weeks longer.

KATE CLAXTON opened a two weeks' engagement at the Thalia Theatre June 15. The house will close at the end of her stay.

R. E. J. MILES arrived in the city last week. He has been doing the Western races, and will

now take in Sheephead. Mr. Barton, his managerial associate, is feeling very much better. John F. Donnelly, who is a courteous and careful guardian of Miles & Barton's interests in the Bijou, is to benefit by the performance "Adonis" June 20.

MANAGER WILL E. ENGLISH of Indianapolis, Ind., is in town.

THE first regular meeting of the new Board of Trustees of the Actors' Fund was held June 11. Benjamin A. Baker, assistant-secretary

During the last two years, was unanimously re-elected, and President Palmer appointed Messrs. Poole, Colville, Miner, Henderson and Aronson as the executive committee. Dr. Allison's application for appointment as physician in Philadelphia, was accepted.

with thanks. Messrs. Miner, Smith and Co. were appointed a committee to select corresponding secretaries in every large city, who may grant relief at once, without communicating with New York.

"POLLY" is in its last week at the Casino. Lillian Russell, J. H. Ryley and Harry Hilliard of E. E. Rice's Co. will sing "Billie Taylor" 26 and continue it to 27, when they go on tour. In "Billie Taylor" Vernona Jarbeau will be heard as Arabella making her return to the

comic-opera stage after an absence of some months. Lizzie Sims will lead the dancers—new departure for her, by the way. Rosalie Beecher, Henrietta Maurer and Mathilda Muelbach were the soloists at the Sunday-evening

**MINA GEARY'S** concert at Spencer Hall June 9 was quite well attended. Miss Geary deserves a larger audience, however. The programme was good throughout.

admission of 15 cents (25 on Sundays) the Summer resort on Fourteenth street opened June 15. It is Gunther's Palm Garden in new dress; additional space has been secured on the east side, and more room is being n

gotated for. Frank Girard has been engaged as manager. At present, though there are no footlights, etc., no curtain is used. A \$55 theatrical license has been granted. Proprietor Gunther, however, and he will shortly put *something* in the way of a screen for a stage.

not to say curtain. It will be the same old fl  
point legally turned over. The opening cor  
pany comprised the Weston Bros., Davenport  
Bros., M. Avramovitz, Mme. and Mons. Mor  
Rosita De Forrest, Nellie Hague, Pauline

MANAGER J. W. COLLIER is to have an all-day benefit (two performances) June 24, prior to sailing for Europe. The volunteer list is very large.

the Summer season at low prices opened June 15, with Emma Hendricks and support in "Evelyn Lynne."

**NEW PARK THEATRE AND MUSEUM.**—N. Wood opened for a week here June 15 in "The

ry, a Boy Scout. He put on an enlarged companion

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who was awarded \$10 damages. He claimed \$30 as the extent of injuries done to a bass-viol which he loaned to Mr. Gray for the use of the Grau Opera Co. in September, 1884, while they were playing at Mr. Gray's house. A feature of the trial was the appearance on the stand of Miss Maxfield, who had "faked" the bass-viol business.

Aug. 22." FOX'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE.—The second week of the new management opened June 13 with Mlle. Augusta Sohler in the Parisian ballet as the attraction, in "The Daves." Florence and Rose Clifford made their first appearance in Philadelphia.

W. S. Richardson, Harry Gray, Otis Turner, H. C. Mortimer, Gus Hight, A. Weaver and H. C. Arnold. They play "Octoroon," "Inshavogue," "Queen's Evidence," "My Partner," "Blossoms of the Desert."

who was awarded \$10 damages. He claimed \$30 as the extent of injuries done to a bass-viol which he loaned to Mr. Gray for the use of the Grau Opera Co. in September, 1884, while they were playing at Mr. Gray's house. A feature of the trial was the appearance on the stand of Miss Maxfield, who had "faked" the bass-viol business.

feature of the trial was the appearance on the stand of Miss Mayfield, who had "faked" the base-ball business in



A GREEN BACKER is the fellow who bets on the wrong horse.

A GREEN BACKER is the fellow who bets on the wrong horse.

A DISPENSATION has been issued for the institution of a new lodge (No. 35) at Meriden, Ct.

who are musicians, lecturers and wanted by the Kansas Medicine Co.,

Orleans, La., having a seating ca-

has been issued for the institution of a  
at Meriden, Ct.



## THE LAWYER'S TRUST; OR, THE MYSTERY OF D'AUBERT'S MILLIONS.

A SEQUEL TO THE WILD BOAR.

Continued from first page.

is a means of consulting destiny. I have a project in my head, but I still hesitate. The result of the game shall dictate my resolution. You shall play for me. I did not half like being converted into a gambling machine, but I was in for some fun and so resolved to see it out, especially when she whisked in order to strengthen me in my determination.

"Be lucky in play, and you shall win my love as well," Suzanne pledged her word.

"This short dialogue took place just as we were entering the gambling department, and as I happened to glance backward, I saw the young man whom I have previously mentioned, with pale face and dejected manner in the act of coming out of the dressing room and fastening his domino previous to placing a mask over his face. The crowd was so dense that he would not have been able to recognize us even without the change in my companion's mask and my disguise.

"Let us go in," said Suzanne, who again did not seem to have noticed the young man, who had now passed us and was walking a few paces ahead. He passed over two tables until he came to one that was not surrounded by too great a crowd, we still following him. There he took a seat in order to wait until the number of players should be complete.

"Play at this table," whispered Suzanne, motioning me to sit down at the same game as the young man who seemed to interest me so much. And so I sat down in front of him. The game was an easy one, prohibited even when I was at Frascati, and simply consisted in throwing three dice from a box. Now that I was no longer fascinated by Suzanne's beautiful eyes, my interest in the young man seemed to increase. I could not chase the recollection of his pale face and burning eyes from my mind. I felt that he must be suffering some terrible moral torture.

"He won the first throw. I saw his hand tremble as he placed the dice in the box, and while so doing his glance ran through the assemblage of curious lookers-on who surrounded the table, as if looking for some familiar figure. At last he threw. The dice having been named by him as the composite number.

"Eighteen," promptly called the croupier. Eighteen that is to say a number composed of nine, that figure being the one selected by the first player, and which made him a winner. The young man's face when I had seen it uncovered in the other salon denoted so much nobility of soul, loyalty and honest pride that I was fairly astonished to see him actually grasp the gold pieces he had won as feverishly as the most desperate miser might have done. According to the rules of the game, it was again his turn to play, having won, and again I saw him glance around in the same agonizing entreating manner, as if asking for mercy. Once more he shook the dice box and threw the ivory on the table.

"Twenty-seven," announced the croupier. This figure again being composed of nine, the player had once more been in luck and showed the same eagerness in gathering up the gold. The sums staked were large, consequently the young man was then the winner of about ten thousand francs. Fancifully that he could not possibly win a third time, the players increased the stakes, but did not seem to excite the young man's cupidity; on the contrary, he appeared to be anxious to get away almost ready to fly from the table. But the rules of the game forced him to continue playing until he lost, and I again noticed the nervous movements of his hand as he replaced the dice in the box and threw upon the table. He seemed delirious with feverish joy as he raked in the pile of gold before him, but as he did so the voice of a woman, clear and penetrating, cried:

"That man is a thief! Since the dice he has been playing with, they are loaded!"

A moment of fearful silence followed this terrible accusation. I turned hot and cold as I heard the denunciation for I had recognized Suzanne's voice. Coldly and with calculation, she had ruined the young man beyond all hope of redemption. Yet, in the midst of the crowd of players and spectators it was almost impossible for the unhappy man to detect his accuser, especially as she had rapidly and skillfully changed her position. I instinctively felt that I was in some manner to be connected with the young man's fate, and that my role was but then commencing.

"The croupier took the dice in his hand with a smile, evidently believing that it was a false accusation for, had he not examined the ivory before handing them to the first player? But at the first glance at the dice, he underwent a change of expression and he muttered:

"It is true!"

The thief had sprung to his feet, and either he was suffocating or else desired to brave the angry crowd surrounding him, for he tore off his mask and exposed his livid features, contracted by various despair. His large eyes, burning with fever, were fixed upon Suzanne, as if he was measuring the gulf of infamy that he saw open before him.

"I could not deny that the unhappy young fellow had been using the loaded dice, but I felt that he was the victim of one of those terrible machinations known as a woman's vengeance. It was not to be doubted that he knew from where the blow that cost him his honor came. But it was a woman, and she was discharging her duty, upon her. Besides, were not the loaded dice before him, depriving him of all power of speech?

"I had pity on the poor devil, and in spite of myself a feeling of mad generosity took possession of me and I wanted to prove to him that he had at least one friend left here, so I tore off my mask.

"Unluckily, he took my action in an entirely different light, thus proving to me that Suzanne was responsible for his ruin, for as soon as he saw my face and recognized me as the man upon whose arm he had previously seen the beautiful object of his passion, he imagined that my action was intended as an additional insult to him, and that I was posing as a person who intended to protect her against his vengeance.

"So with a cry of joy at finding himself before somebody whom he could attack, he leaped across the table and spat in my face."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A SENSIBLE CANARY.

A young canary belonging to our family is in the habit of receiving pieces of biscuit, cake, or such like, from the tea-table. The hardness of the biscuit has always been a source of annoyance to Dickey. One day, however, after an expectation and close examination of the tea-table, he was offered a piece of hard biscuit. Without making the least attempt to break it, he lifted it from the floor of his cage, and taking it to his water-trough gently dropped it in, following up the action by patiently stirring it round and round with his beak until it was in condition to be eaten. He then carefully removed it, and devoured it without any trouble. He now puts every hard substance which he deems eatable into the water. He endeavored to soften sweets in the same way, but, finding that the sweet became gradually smaller and smaller, he hastily abstracted it, and has never since put anything of that nature into the water. Nature.

A LOGICAL HEN.—Everyone has heard of the distress of the hen on beholding young ducklings hatched by her taking the water. This creature so frequently as to attract little remark, except when observed by anyone for the first time. Mr. Jesse, in his natural history "Gleanings," records a singular incident. A hen which had hatched three successive duckling broods got so accustomed to the aquatic tendency of her pupils, that on hatching a set of her own eggs she led the chickens to the pond, and in surprise at their unwillingness to take the water, actually pushed some of them in, and several were drowned before the awkward situation was observed and the survivors rescued.

A NEW YORK ARTIST recently shot himself before one of his unfinished paintings. You will occasionally hear of an artist who can properly appreciate the merits of his own work and is not afraid to emphasize his opinion of it.—Norristown Herald.

## MY TOAST.

"Give us," they cried, "a toast!"

All were in merry trim:

Each, except me, could boast

One who had smiled on him.

Dora we'd toasted Kate.

Margery, Elizabeth:

Now it was getting late.

It was my turn, they said.

"She that you love the most,"

Give us the name," they cried.

Forced to propose a toast,

Lilian," I replied.

"Lilian" sounded well.

Flushing eighteen no more;

Why was I bound to tell

That she had passed three-score?

Has she blue eyes—your quest—

Hazel or black?" said they;

Kindly and clear and keen,

And of a tender gaze."

Why was I forced to add,

Speculies large and blue.

Now that her sight is bad,

Shelters her gaze so true."

"Golden or brown her hair?"

"Soft," I replied, "and light."

This I conceived was fair,

Since it is nearly white.

"What is her voice in tone?"

"Gentle and sweet and low."

Was I obliged to own

Sorrows have made it so?

"And do you love her best?"

"Under the stars," I say;

And for her lightest best

Would you be glad to die?

Would you that for her good,

Troubles should fall on you?"

"Gladly," I said, "I would."

That at the least was true.

Then as their glasses rang,

Dancing with flashes red,

Lilian," out they sang,

"Here's to her health," they said,

Gray-eyed and blonde—a belle—

Flushing eighteen—no more!"

Lilian sounded well.

Why should I tell them more?

—Temple Bar.

## ON DER GREEN CAR.—No. 5.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY GUSTY GHOST.

Gentlemen! I was drinking to-day ven I growled my way through der mob of brother-men who nefer owned any brotherly in der life; agenda, managers (i) and actors, deracting der stivalks in front of der Union-square, I was drinking to-day ven I saw vat a habty-go-lucky lot der members of der deadral profession vas to be sure.

I don't suppose of you raked der vorid ofer mit a fine foot comb you could found another glass of beer like demt many good actors, housemen, managers, live agents and consension-brotherly-men run loose and careless around Union square looking for something to do to keep body and soul together, and a grade many others—nine out of ten—run around dere, dere, der dear der same relation to der broadest dot of a flea bears to a dog. Ad der dime of der Var der army surgeons had less dropie to kill der soldiers than der soldiers had to kill der barades, and dot has been so ever since.

Big fleas hafe leetle flecks to bite 'em.

Und so dot goes ad infidum."

"Rinafore" pud a lot of jays in "der business" and "die Tom's" Capin' a legion of gawks to eat up der food intended for der legitimatized, Keokuk Romeo and Peoria Julietas was dicker as flies in Summer, and der gaw was "shillix dey come." Gilbert and Sullivan hafe got to answer for ad der Judgment-day, und der right hand mitoud a murmur from der left. Indeed, dey voodn't had to vail undil der Judgment-day for a good many of der left—und badly left, ad dot is been cursing not only Gilbert, Sullivan and Harriet, but effrybody else, all der season. Somevone has sagely remarked—sagely remarked I might add:

"An actor vas a curious bird."

Und so he vas.

He flus from von place to another, lives on berk," vas condering scratching gravel, roosts anyvres and effervres, un vas often advised by some von in der audience to "go und lay an egg." Dere vas von redeeming fault among members of der profession—no madder how dey vas, no madder der dere vas no deal in dem, dey vas always full of hope, und dey vill exiled on it longer dan der Tanner or a fish vill live on vater. Dey vill shord out on a bilgramme drough der country, put up mit all sorts of inconveniences, shdrigle drough rain and snow, ride on freight trains, leef der drunks behind dem for der sake of der deite, und vail home hobing dot effering vill come und all right.

"In der shweel by-and-by."

Dey gyt back to New York ocebry der same flag, shdote on der Union-square stivalk, laugh gey und dalk about busing up in Kokomo or East Brady as id vas von of der funnest dings in der vorid, und in a leetle vyle shiant agin mit someone dey know hasn't got a cend und someone dey know vood not lay dem of he had. Hobe vas a glorious ding to had in der house, gentlemen.

"Dere Hobe vas shwifl, und flies mit shwallows' wings."

Kings id makes gods, und meener creatur-kings."

Id may do for der aforage actor to live on Hobe oil Vinter, but he generally vas opliced to oxide on shartly ad Summer—or on vind. Of an actor vas unfortunade, of course ad der plame vas put upon der actor, but der drough vas to found out who der actor vas. A number of beelie is got der rebudashon of being "Jonahs," und a good many managers vood go und mit dem, und a number of managers vill nod engage dem for fear of der usual results. Der poor Jonah madders to himself night und morning:

"Vood Heafen, dis mourning vee basel!

Von may hafe beed luck at last;

Madders ad vord vas sure to mend,

Der beelie's vee vas but a friend."

Like der "Hoe-Do," dot Jonah dot raises Cain mit der darkies away down in Dixie's Land, der Jonah of der profession vas resbeed because he vas feared, und although der actor vas to found out who der actor vas, a number of beelie is got der rebudashon of being "Jonahs," und a good many managers vood go und mit dem, und a number of managers vill nod engage dem for fear of der usual results. Der poor Jonah madders to himself night und morning:

"Vood Heafen, dis mourning vee basel!

Von may hafe beed luck at last;

Madders ad vord vas sure to mend,

Der beelie's vee vas but a friend."

As a leader on der Erie Canal,

He engaged in Buffalo.

But der mule beg'd und ad Syracuse.

Und he had to quid der show.

Dey shibbed him here in a freight-car

To der German Sangerbund.

Und now he's a regular benisoner

On der books of der Actors' Fund.

I vas dalking mit someone some dime ago. I dink id vas Counselor Price, der gentlemanly manager of der Lee-afenne Academy of Music in Brooklyn—und I vas telling him dot id vas nod so very long ago dot I come agross a programme—Drum-die, Minstrel, Equestrian, Lyric, Eberdine or Wari-edy—I knowed dweil und of effer dweil und of der performers, effer personally or by rebudashon, und now I don't effer know der manager. Dis vas a

age of electric lights, telephones, von ding und another, und actors vas inwended or discovered like effering else. Of Shakespeare vas aife now he vood had to shik by der light of der moon, und huddle by der light of der sun to had anything he vood produced; his hero vood had to be a Mascher, und his heroine a Gussler, und his Gusslerizer vood had to do a song—und dance to catch on successfully. Of course von hafe got to gafe der "dear bupic" vat dey call for und dere vas no gidding around id. They bays der money und dey dweil der choice. Of a hotel, beedredor inside on his guests eading *pat de fite gras und comete souffe ven dey vant* "Higgy Hash" (all paydayers und no meat; he vill be opliced to shud up his shod und led dem go to der oder house. Der shward feiler gides dem cut shdwair und moose—und dey can't rest, makes money hand ofer flid, enshoy's life, dies habty, surrounded by lodes of friends, has a big funeral. N. G.—No gloves, dere vasn't enuff to vent around.

"Dot's a loafy day, and id is 'Beandifef Shbring.' Gentlemen, I don't want you to gafe me away. I am about to imbard a secret to you dot I hafe seazionally guarded for years; I hafe brooded ofer id in der silent vatches of der night. I hafe keld id from my family, und alas, I can keel id no longer.

"for murder, dought id have no tongue, vill shobke mit moed inderous organs."

Bidy me und helb me keeb my disgrace to ourself. I know you vill lose der resbeed you now enderfan for me, but I can't helb id; disding vas during my hair pud und keeling me ond lade nights. Bend ofer dey me so dot der condodol vill nod gid on, doo. In addition to der grime of hating vanden 'Beandifef Shbring,' I am also der bend who beedreded dot equally inderous benon (undidid 'Beandifef Shbring') I am now going to make a confession—song to 'Beandifef Shbring' I made my vill und den gafe myself up to der audodities to be hung.

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## Game No. 1,487.

A splendid battle, exceptionally well finished, between the two antipodean masters, H. Charlick of Adelaide, S. A., and C. W. Benbow of Wellington, N. Z. This game lasted five years, by correspondence.—Adelaide Observer.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
Mr. Charlick.	Mr. Benbow.	Mr. Charlick.	Mr. Benbow.	33. Kt to K8	33. Kt to K8	34. K-Kt x R	34. K-Kt x R
1. P to K4	1. P to K4	35. P-Q R4	35. P-Q R4	36. Kt-Q5	36. P-Q Kt3	37. P-Q Kt3	37. P-Q Kt3
2. P-K R4	2. P-K R4	38. Kt x P	38. Kt x P	39. R-Kt3	39. R-Kt3	40. K-Kt3	40. K-Kt3
3. K-B-R4	3. K-Kt-B3	41. K-Kt x R	41. K-Kt x R	42. K-Kt3	42. K-Kt3	43. P-K R4	43. P-K R4
4. Q-Kt-R3	4. Kt-B3	44. K-Kt x R	44. K-Kt x R	45. K-Kt3	45. P-K Kt3	46. R-P x P	46. R-P x P
5. K-Kt-B3	5. Castles	47. K-Kt3	47. K-Kt3	48. K-Q2	48. K-Q5	49. P-K R5	49. P-K R5
6. Q-Kt-Q5	6. Castles	49. P-K R5	49. P-K R5	50. Kt x P	50. Kt x P	51. K-Kt3	51. K-Kt3
7. P-Q3	7. K-B-R4	51. K-Kt3	51. K-Kt3	52. K-Kt R6	52. K-Kt R6	53. Kt-K R7	53. Kt-K R7
8. P-Q-B3	8. K-B-R4	53. Kt-K R6	53. Kt-K R6	54. Kt-K R7	54. Kt-K R7	55. Kt-K R6	55. Kt-K R6
9. K-B-R4	9. Kt-R5	55. Kt-K R6	55. Kt-K R6	56. Kt-Q7	56. Kt-Q7	57. Kt-K R6	57. Kt-K R6
10. K-Kt-R3	10. Kt-R5	57. Kt-K R6	57. Kt-K R6	58. P-Q R4	58. P-Q R4	59. P-Q R4	59. P-Q R4
11. P-Q4	11. Kt-Kt3	59. P-Q R4	59. P-Q R4	60. Kt-K4	60. Kt-K4	61. Kt-Q5	61. Kt-Q5
12. Q-Kt x B	12. R-P x Kt	60. Kt-K4	60. Kt-K4	62. P-Q R5	62. P-Q R5	63. Kt-K R2	63. Kt-K R2
13. P-K R3	13. Kt-K6	62. P-Q R5	62. P-Q R5	64. Kt-K R3	64. Kt-K R3	65. Kt-K R3	65. Kt-K R3
14. Q-B x Kt	14. P-Q x B	64. Kt-K R3	64. Kt-K R3	65. Kt-K R3	65. Kt-K R3	66. Kt-K R3	66. Kt-K R3
15. Q-Kt3	15. Q-Kt3	65. Kt-K R3	65. Kt-K R3	66. Kt-K R3	66. Kt-K R3	67. Kt-K R3	67. Kt-K R3
16. P-K5	16. Q-P x P	66. Kt-K R3	66. Kt-K R3	67. Kt-K R3	67. Kt-K R3	68. Kt-K R3	68. Kt-K R3
17. Q-P x P	17. Kt-R4	67. Kt-K R3	67. Kt-K R3	68. Kt-K R3	68. Kt-K R3	69. Kt-K R3	69. Kt-K R3
18. Kt-R4	18. Q-Kt-R4	68. Kt-K R3	68. Kt-K R3	69. Kt-K R3	69. Kt-K R3	70. Kt-K R3	70. Kt-K R3
19. Kt-R4	19. Q-Kt-R4	69. Kt-K R3	69. Kt-K R3	70. Kt-K R3	70. Kt-K R3	71. Kt-K R3	71. Kt-K R3
20. Q-K P (b)	20. Q x Q	70. Kt-K R3	70. Kt-K R3	71. Kt-K R3	71. Kt-K R3	72. Kt-K R3	72. Kt-K R3
21. Q-K x P	21. Q-K R3	71. Kt-K R3	71. Kt-K R3	72. Kt-K R3	72. Kt-K R3	73. Kt-K R3	73. Kt-K R3
22. Kt-R4	22. Q-K R4	72. Kt-K R3	72. Kt-K R3	73. Kt-K R3	73. Kt-K R3	74. Kt-K R3	74. Kt-K R3
23. Kt-R5	23. Q-K R3	73. Kt-K R3	73. Kt-K R3	74. Kt-K R3	74. Kt-K R3	75. Kt-K R3	75. Kt-K R3
24. P-Q R3	24. Q-K R4	74. Kt-K R3	74. Kt-K R3	75. Kt-K R3	75. Kt-K R3	76. Kt-K R3	76. Kt-K R3
25. Kt-K R3	25. Kt-K R3	75. Kt-K R3	75. Kt-K R3	76. Kt-K R3	76. Kt-K R3	77. Kt-K R3	77. Kt-K R3
26. Kt-R6	26. Kt-K2	76. Kt-K R3	76. Kt-K R3	77. Kt-K R3	77. Kt-K R3	78. Kt-K R3	78. Kt-K R3
27. Kt-R6	27. P-K R3	77. Kt-K R3	77. Kt-K R3	78. Kt-K R3	78. Kt-K R3	79. Kt-K R3	79. Kt-K R3
28. Kt-R6	28. Kt-K2	78. Kt-K R3	78. Kt-K R3	79. Kt-K R3	79. Kt-K R3	80. Kt-K R3	80. Kt-K R3
29. Kt-R6	29. Kt-K2	79. Kt-K R3	79. Kt-K R3	80. Kt-K R3	80. Kt-K R3	81. Kt-K R3	81. Kt-K R3
30. R-Q Kt4	30. Q-K R7	80. Kt-K R3	80. Kt-K R3	81. Kt-K R3	81. Kt-K R3	82. Kt-K R3	82. Kt-K R3
31. Q-K R3	31. Kt-R6	81. Kt-K R3	81. Kt-K R3	82. Kt-K R3	82. Kt-K R3	83. Kt-K R3	83. Kt-K R3
32. Q-K x P	32. Kt-R6	82. Kt-K R3	82. Kt-K R3	83. Kt-K R3	83. Kt-K R3	84. Kt-K R3	84. Kt-K R3



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Our Locality Finest in the City, on the Finest Avenue in the World (Euclid). Seating Capacity (Positive) next Season 3,127, and Standing room for 400. Two magnificent new entrances 15 feet wide from Prospect street and Euclid avenue. The young "Freak" worried, and trying to copy this house in every way. Had houses counted daily until he turned pale, and pooled to try and get a location near us. Result: Failure. Now, in conclusion, I want the

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and you will do better than any house in this city. I will wager \$1,000 on it. Take any attraction. Take any Theatre (even new ones on side streets), and if I win I will pay it over to the Actors' Fund. Can there be any fairer offer? Right here I will say, any company that I think will hurt my business any, I will put in a double company, as I got five companies on the road next season. I mean business. I was the first. I live here. I am a taxpayer. I am a voter. This is my home. And I can give performances (and good ones) at 10c. all over the Theatre and make money. Interior of the Theatre will be all New and Handsomely Decorated. Balcies also being put in. I will have TWO THEATRES IN THIS CITY NEXT SEASON. Also can control Pittsburgh, Detroit, St. Louis, Indianapolis. MANAGERS, COMMUNICATE AT ONCE IF YOU WANT TO BOOK AT THIS POPULAR HOUSE.

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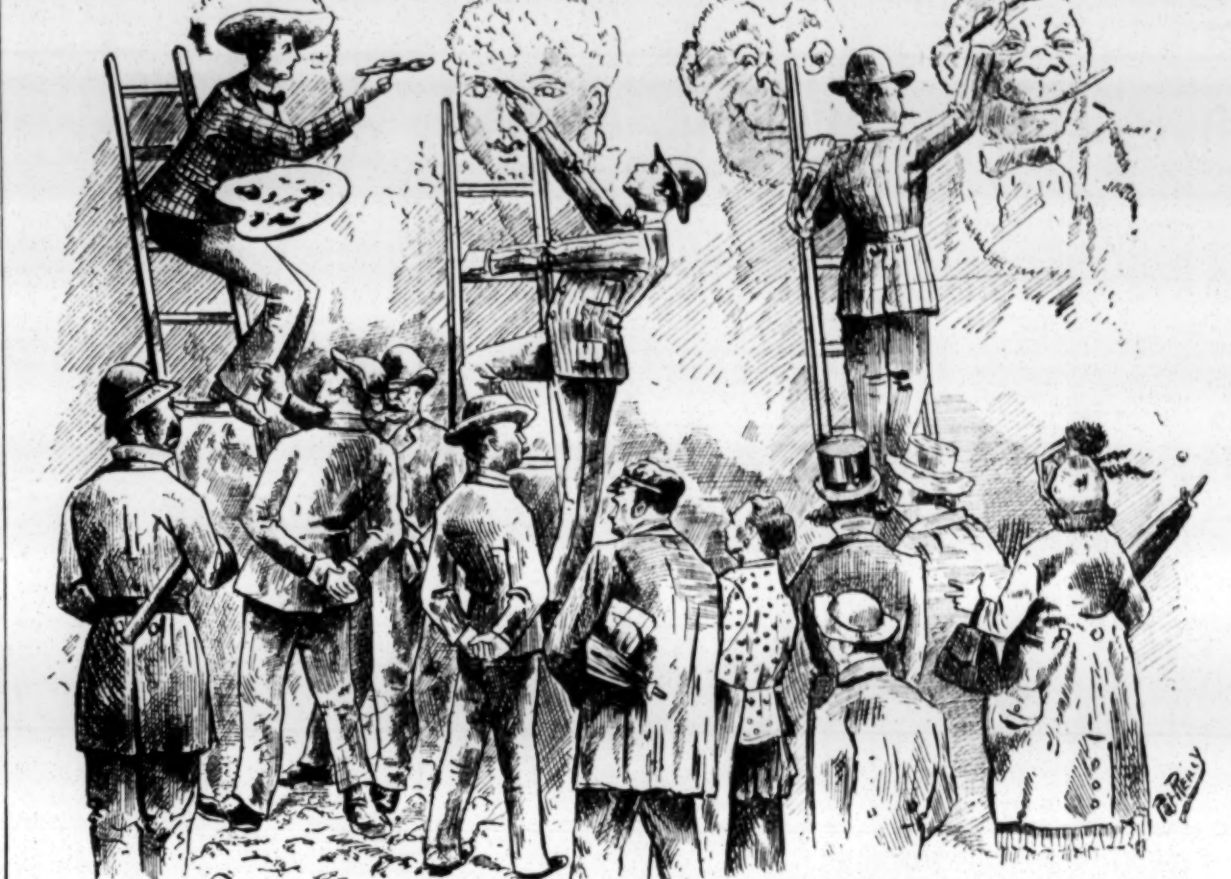
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**OUR AMERICAN QUACKS.**

MISS LANDIS as SIMON PURE, ESQ., "The Greatest Man Living," supported by  
MISS MATIE DRESSER, as Singing-soubrette, will take the road Aug. 24 next.

And Managers of Theatres, who desire first class Music, Comedy and Sensation, adapted to intelligent audiences, please  
give open dates. Everything is at the finest lithographs in the country, and all new pictorial printing, suited to  
the play, which can't be excelled in attracting the public eye and impress it favorably.

WANTED, AMBITIOUS PROFESSIONALS—Two At-Low Comedians, who are familiar with specialty acts, One  
Versatile Heavy-lady, One Frilly man, Musical leader, Advance-agent. All must be temperate, with good voices,  
and who can sing in chorus; are good dressers and workers. Send photos and business. No fancy salaries, but good  
and sure pay, and every sixty days a commonwealth benefit will be given to all the troupe in the combination as an  
impetus to work. Address all communications, for the present, to DR. S. M. LANDIS, sole Manager, 124 Miami  
avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

MISS Emma Landis is a highly cultured singer, having a  
sweet, light, very high soprano voice. She hails from New  
York City, and has evidently been under the best Eng-  
lish and Italian teachers.—KANSAS CITY JOURNAL, Mo.  
Miss Landis sang "Nearer My God to Thee" with such  
pathos, that tears fell from the roughest men's eyes. It  
was fairly sublime.—WYANDOTTE COURIER, Kan-  
sas.  
As a dashing soubrette, Miss Emma Landis is a grand  
success.—DETROIT POST.

## GIBSON AND RYAN

Opened May 24 at CASINO THEATRE, St. Louis, and scored a hit. Have just closed a three weeks' engagement at the  
ZOO THEATRE, Indianapolis, doing the funniest Irish act now before the public, and also the funniest version of an  
OLD-DOON'S PICNIC extant. Would like to hear from

FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS FOR SEASON 1885-86.  
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## COMING EAST AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THREE YEARS.

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With the strongest BLACK-FACE SPECIALTY before the public. Will arrive in New York City on or about Sept. 8.  
Address our only authorized agent, R. FITZGERALD, No. 10 Union square, New York City.

## CLINGING TOGETHER IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER.

TWENTY-NINTH WEEK OF UNINTERRUPTED SUCCESS.

DAVYS, MANNING & DREW'S COMEDY AND SPECIALTY COMPANY.

TO MANAGERS: I herewith state that the Davys, Manning & Drew Combination is as good as a Vanderbilt  
Company on the road, the show having given satisfaction in all particulars in Brooklyn. I have looked them to re-  
turn. Yours respectfully,  
Managers of Pavilions and Summer Theatres, address Pavilion, Newark, N. J., week of June 22; Healy & Big-  
low's Indian Village, Philadelphia, Pa., June 29.

BROOKLYN, June 13, 1885.

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